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THE



PILGRIMS' SONGSTER,

A

CHOICE SELECTION OF

HYMNS,

DESIGNED FOR TENT, CONFERENCE AND PRAYER
MEETINGS.

REVISED AND CORRECTED.

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PILGRIMS' SONGSTER.

HYMN 1.

- 1 Let thy kingdom blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our sorrows cease ;
Come, O come and reign forever,
God of love and Prince of Peace ;
Visit now thy precious Zion,
See thy people mourn and weep ;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come good Shepherd save thy sheep.
- 2 Many fellow men's inventions,
And forget the Righteous laws ;
Hence divisions and contentions,
Bring offences to thy cause ;
Thus we suffer'd persecution,
While the virgins were asleep ;
All was uproar and confusion,
But the Shepherd leads his sheep.
- 3 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas, none agree ;
Jesus let us hear thee call us,
Help us Lord to follow thee ;

For the Midnight Cry is sounding,
The wise virgins' hearts do leap ;
Jesus with the angels round him,
Comes at length to save his sheep.

- 4 Come good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here ;
Nothing, Lord, we trust will harm us,
Since our Shepherd is so near :
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
At the thought our hearts do leap ;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

- 5 Hear the Prince of our salvation,
Saying, " Fear not, little flock ;
I myself am your foundation,
You are built upon this Rock :
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Heed the Cry and wake from sleep ;
Look to me and be ye holy,
I will come and save my sheep.

HYMN 2.

- 1 We have heard from that bright, that holy land ;
We have heard, and our hearts are glad,
For we were a lonely pilgrim band—
And weary, and worn, and sad.
They tell us the pilgrims have a dwelling there,
No longer are homeless ones,
And we know that the goodly land is fair,
Where life's pure river runs.

HYMN 4.

- 1 The morning light is breaking,
The glorious day draws near,
When Christ the Judge of nations,
In glory will appear ;
The Midnight Cry is sounding,
The dawning stars appear,—
Awake ye sleeping virgins,
Your God and Saviour's near.
- 2 The morning light is breaking,
The King of glory's near,
The saints now dead and living,
Will soon with him appear ;
The Midnight Cry is sounding,
The fig-tree now is blooming—
Awake ye sleeping virgins,
Behold the Bridegroom's near.
- 3 The Bible in its coursing,
Has gone from East to West ;
The nations who are willing,
Have with its rays been blest ;
The Midnight Cry is sounding,
The Judgment day's approaching
Awake ye sleeping virgins,
And take your promised rest.

HYMN 5.

- 1 As I view the last sands of old time sink away,
 Oh grant me dear Saviour, this boon;
 That I never, never may, from thy smiles go astray,
 Nor share the impenitents' doom.

CHORUS.—Roll on then, old time, while I sigh for the land,
 Through this dark gloomy region of pain;
 For fair Bulah's land, and the pure spotless band,
 Where the King in his beauty shall reign.

- 2 Pilgrim, haste on thy way, for the sun's gliding down;
 Escape for thy life while there's room;
 See dark clouds gathering round, mantling earth with a frown,
 And wide spreads the thickening gloom.
- 3 Pilgrim, hark, on each breeze as it comes from afar,
 How the low muttering thunders break round;
 From the dim distant shore, rings the clarion of war,
 Haste thee on! soon the last Trump will sound.
- 4 Pilgrim, lift up thy head, soon the Kingdom will come.
 And the saints then in glory appear;
 In their fair Eden home, with their King ever roam,
 And his hand wipe away every tear.

HYMN 6.

- 1 The groaning earth is too dark and drear
 For the saints' eternal home,
 But the city from heaven will soon be here,
 We know that the moment is drawing near
 When she in her glory shall come.
 Her gates of pearl we soon shall see,
 And her music we soon shall hear,
 Joyous and bright our home shall be, [tree
 And We'll walk in the shadow of life's fair
 With our Saviour forever near.

- 2 They say green fields are waving there,
That never a blight shall know;
And the deserts wild are blooming fair,
And the roses of Sharon grow.
There are lovely birds in the bowers green,
Their songs are blithe and sweet;
And their warblings gushing ever new,
The angels' harpings greet.
- 3 We have heard of the palms, the robes, the crowns,
And the silvery band in white;
Of the city fair, with pearly gates,
All radiant with light.
We have heard of the angels there, and saints,
With their harps of gold, how they sing;
Of the mount, with the fruitful tree of life,
Of the leaves that healing bring.
- 4 The King of that country, he is fair,
He's the joy and the light of the place;
In his beauty we shall behold him there,
And bask in his smiling face.
We'll be there, we'll be there, in a little while,
We'll join the pure and the blest;
We'll have the palm, the robe, the crown,
And forever be at rest.

HYMN 3.

- 1 Skeptic spare that book,
Touch not a single leaf,
Nor on its pages look
With eye of unbelief:
'Twas my forefather's stay,
In the hour of agony;

Skeptic go thy way,
And let that old book be.

2 That good old book of life,
For centuries has stood,
Unharm'd amid the strife,
When earth was drunk with blood ;
And would'st thou harm it now,
And have its truths forgot ?
Skeptic forbear the blow,
Thy hand shall harm it not.

3 Its very name recalls
The happy hours of youth,
When in my grandsire's halls
I heard its tales of truth ;
I've seen his white hair flow
O'er that volume as he read ;
But that was long ago,
And the good old man is dead.

4 My dear grandmother, too,
When I was but a boy,
I've seen her eyes of blue
Weep o'er its tears of joy.
Their traces linger still,
And dear they are to me ;
Skeptic forego thy will—
Go—let that old book be.

2 We'll gladly exchange a world like this
Where death triumphant reigns,
For a beautiful home in that land of bliss
Where all is happiness, joy and peace,
And nothing can enter that pains.
There is no more sorrow and no more night,
For the darkness shall pass away,
The crucified Lamb is its glorious light
And the saints shall walk with him in white
In that happy endless day.

3 O there the loved of earth shall meet
Whom death has sundered here,
The prophets and patriarchs there will greet
And all shall worship at Jesus' feet
No more separation to fear.
Though trials and griefs await us here,
The conflict will soon be o'er
This glorious hope our hearts shall cheer,
For we know that the Saviour will soon ap-
pear
And then we shall grieve no more.

HYMN 7.

1 I walk a lonely pilgrim here,
O'er life's uneven way ;
My aching heart keeps hoping, for
A bright and better day ;

A glorious home, a goodly land,
The blessed, heavenly rest ;
And well I know that land is near,
The home of all who're blest.

2 I walk alone, and oft am sad,
And fall the briny tears ;
My heart is grieved with trials sore,
And pressed with many cares.
The better land no sorrow knows—
There, hushed is every sigh ;
The Saviour's hand in kindness wipes
The tear-drop from each eye.

3 I walk alone, and yet am glad,
The blessed promise's given,
To cheer the heart—the lowly one,
Towards that promised heaven.
The humble path my Saviour walked,
I scorn it not to tread ;
The frowns and scoffs my Saviour bore
May fall upon my head.

4 I stand upon his precious word,
My soul rejoiceth free,
The glorious light the gospel gives,
Is light that shines for me.
I'll suffer now, I'll triumph then ;
I'll die for Jesus here,
In that bright world I'll live again,
A conqueror's crown to wear.

HYMN 8.

- 1 Lift up your heads, Emanuel's friends !
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends ;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.

CHORUS.—For I have sweet hope of glory in my soul,
I have sweet hope of glory in my soul
I see, I see, I'm on my journey home.

- 2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but watch, and strive and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.
- 3 Though Satan may his power employ
Our happy moments to destroy ;
Yet never fear, we'll win the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.
- 4 Oh, good old way ! how sweet thou art !
May none of us from thee depart,
But may our actions always say,
We're walking in the good old way.
- 5 And now on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promised land,
So we will shout, and sing, and pray,
And march along the good old way.

HYMN 9.

- 1 The time soon is coming by the prophets foretold,
The Church in its purity the world will behold ;
For Jesus' pure testimony will then gain the day,
And all sectarian prejudice will vanish away.

- 2 'Twill then be discovered who for Jesus will be,
And who are in Babylon, the saints then will see :
The line of division then will fully be drawn—
Between the pure Kingdom and defiled Babylon.
- 3 What beauty the Church will then put on in her
light,
All govern'd by Jesus Christ who always leads
right ;
No spot on her garments then, in that glorious day,
Unnecessary ceremonies vanish away.
- 4 But oh ! what a storm of persecution will rise,
False prophets will raise the cry, to blind people's
eyes,
And join the ungodly world—beginning to sink,
And claiming that they honor God, though vainly
they think.
- 5 But truth will prove mighty, then whatever oppose,
The King in his majesty will conquer his foes ;
The Church stand in purity, in peace, and in love,
In sight of her enemies she rises above.
- 6 Thus gather'd with Jesus Christ, what peace will
be found,
What joy, and what harmony and love, will abound,
The earth robed in beauty, then will be their abode,
The Tree of Life and City, to enjoy with their God.
- 7 Now let all who wish a part in that glorious reign,
Come out and be separate from sinners and sin,
The work of the sealing time, is passing you here,
And Jesus in the Jubilee is coming next year.

HYMN 10.

1 When Christ, the Lord, was doom'd to die,
 And bow to heaven's stern decree,
 He plainly saw the hour was nigh
 When many sighed with grief, while he,
 The victim, came serene and mild,
 The back laid bare, the scourge he took,
 And bleeding on the cross was nail'd,
 While Nature feels the pond'rous stroke.
 And now each weeping saint their grief, their grief partook,
 And now each weeping saint their grief, their grief partook.
 In anguish sigh'd—while he died—
 In anguish sigh'd—while he died—
 O, wondrous deed !
 O, wondrous deed !
 The man of sorrows dies !

2 O, list! what sighs of deep despair—
 What mournful thoughts pervade each breast—
 When suddenly bright forms appear—
 Earth shakes, the soldiers stand aghast—
 And lo, the Son of God comes forth—
 A mighty conquerer o'er the grave!
 Go, Mary, tell the joyous truth—
 I live again, with power to save!
 And now each joyful saint their joy, their joy partake,
 And now each joyful saint their joy, their joy partake.
 Hearts once sad, now made glad ;
 Hearts once sad, now made glad ;
 Jesus lives again !
 Jesus lives again !
 The conquerer of the grave !

3 O, glory be to God on high !
 He thus fulfils his faithful word ;
 Now signs reveal his kingdom nigh,
 Faith says it cannot be deferred ;
 From north to south, from east to west,
 At home, abroad, all things proclaim,

Behold, at hand our promised rest!
 All things restored, Messiah's reign!
 And now each waiting saint their joy, their joy bespeaks,
 And now each waiting saint their joy, their joy bespeaks.
 While they sing, heavens ring;
 While they sing, heavens ring;
 Come—Glorious King!
 Come—Glorious King!
 The Lord our Righteousness!

HYMN 11.

1 The King in his beauty by angels attended,
 Soon treading the pathway of Heaven shall say :
 The conflict is over, the warfare is ended,
 Arise my beloved, from earth come away.

CHORUS.

Fierce lightnings may flash, and the loud thunders
 rattle,
 They heed not, they fear not, they're free from all
 pain.
 They've shed their last tear, they have fought their
 last battle,
 The warfare is ended, in glory they reign.

2 The graves are seen bursting, the dark caverns open,
 The rocks and the mountains down by him are
 thrown,
 The captives are rescued, death's chains they are
 broken,
 While saints of all ages arise from the tomb.

3 The toil-worn and weary, who long have been
 waiting,
 The coming of Christ to receive their reward,
 Rejoicing and shouting, while nature is shaking,
 Together mount up at the voice of the Lord.

- 4 Fierce lightnings are flashing, loud thunders are roaring,

Hark, hear the foundation of earth how it moves !
While nations are angry, their fate are deploring,
The saints are all safe in the city above.

HYMN 12.

- 1 We're going home, we've had visions bright,
Of that holy land, that world of light,
Where the long, dark night of time is past,
And the morn of eternity's come at last ;
Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
But dwell in a sunny, peaceful home,
Where the brow with celestial gems are crowned,
And the waves of bliss are dashing around.
O, that beautiful world ! O, that beautiful world !
- 2 We're going home, we soon shall be
Where the sky is clear and the soil is free—
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plain,
And the seraphs' anthems blend with its strains—
Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
And beams on a world that is fair and good,
And stars that dimm'd at nature's doom,
Will sparkle and dance o'er the new earth bloom.
O, that beautiful home ! O, that beautiful home !
- 3 Where the tears and sighs which here were given,
Are exchanged for the gladsome song of heaven—
Where the beauteous forms which sing and shine
Are guarded well by a hand divine.
Pure love's banner and friendship's wand
Are waving above that princely band,
And the glory of God, like a moulton sea,
Will bathe that immortal company.
O, that beautiful home ! O, that beautiful home !

- 4 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
 'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness,
 'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angel's cheer,
 'Mid the flowers that never of winter wear;
 Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,
 Is wafted on the ambrosial air—
 Through endless years we then shall prove
 The depths of a Saviour's matchless love.
 O, that beautiful world ! O, that beautiful world !

HYMN 13.

- 1 I've listed in the holy war,
 I'm bound for the throne ;
 To fight for life and endless joy,
 I'm bound for the throne.

CHORUS.—All hail ! all hail !
 I'm bound to join the union band,
 All hail ! all hail !
 I'm bound for the throne.

- 2 I've left the world, with all its cares,
 And joined a band of volunteers.
 3 This royal band of warriors are,
 Content with suffering soldier's fare.
 4 We've fought through many a battle sore,
 And ready stand to fight through more.
 5 We've seen the vanquished foe retreat,
 While bowing round the mercy seat.
 6 Though battles rage and wars increase,
 We soon shall reach the land of peace.
 7 A cry falls sweetly on the ear,
 Behold the Bridegroom draweth near.

- 8 It is the Midnight Cry, 'twill bring,
Our look'd-for long-expected King.
- 9 Then rouse ye up ! your lamps to trim,
And go ye out and welcome him !
- 10 O praise the Lord, we do not fear,
To tell the world he'll come next year.
- 11 In eighteen hundred fifty-four
The saints will shout their sufferings o'er.
- 12 Yes, he will come ! our captain's voice
Will bid our lone, sad hearts rejoice.
- 13 We'll lay our toil-worn armor down,
And from his hands receive the crown.
- 14 O then we'll join that song of praise,
The countless multitude doth raise.
- 15 To him who wash'd us in his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

HYMN 14.

- 1 What vessel are you sailing in ?
Declare to us the same.
Our vessel is the Ark of God—
And Christ our Captain's name.

CHORUS.—We'll face the storm, it can't be long,
We'll anchor by-and-by ;
We'll face the storm, it can't be long,
We'll anchor by-and-by.

2. Pray what's the port to which you sail ?
Declare to us straightway.
The New Jerusalem's our port—
The realms of endless day.

3 How many souls have you on board
The royal ship divine?
Thousands one hundred forty-four
Shall on Mount Zion stand:

4 [And on the sea of mingled glass,
A throng of every tongue,
Their song of praise to God will raise—
Salvation to the Lamb.]

5 And are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
We cannot fear, the Lord is near;
Our Father's at the helm.

6 Our compass is the sacred Word;
Our anchor, blooming hope;
The love of God our main top-sail,
And faith our cable rope.

7 We've look'd astern, and many toils
The Lord has brought us through;
We're looking now a-head, and lo!
The "land" appears in view.

8 Heave out the boat! I'll go along,
If you can find me room!
We've room for you and all who will
Unto the Saviour come.

9 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear.
The city bright appears in sight,
We're getting round the pier

CHORUS.—Hoist every sail to catch the gale,
Each sailor ply his oar;
The night begins to wear away—
We soon shall reach the shore.

- 10 And when we all are landed safe
On the celestial plain,
Our song shall be, "Worthy's the Lamb
For rebel sinners slain!"

HYMN 15.

- 1 How happy is the man,
Who's chosen wisdom's ways,
And has measured out his span,
To his God in prayer and praise.
His God and his Bible
Are all that he desires,
To holiness of heart
He continually aspires ;
In poverty he's happy,
For he knows he has a friend,
Who never will forsake him,
And on whom he can depend.
- 2 He rises in the morning,
With the lark he tunes his lays,
And offers up a tribute,
To his God in prayer and praise ;
And then unto his labor
He cheerfully repairs
In confidence, believing,
That his God will hear his prayers,

Whatever he engages in,
At home or abroad,
His object is to honor
And glorify his God.

3 In sickness, pain and sorrow,
He never will repine,
While he is drawing nourishment
From Christ the living vine.
When trouble presses heavily,
He leans on Jesus' breast,
And in his precious promises
He finds a quiet rest.
The yoke of Christ is easy,
The burden always light ;
He tires nor is weary
Till Canaan heaves in sight.

4 'Tis thus you have his history,
Through life from day to day ;
Religion is no mystery,
It is a beaten way ;
And when his Saviour calls him,
With confidence he'll say,
Lo! I shall reign forever
In bright eternal day,
With saints, and priests, and prophets,
He'll strike the golden lyre,
And shout hallelujah,
With all the heavenly choir.

HYMN 16.

- 1 Behold ! Behold ! the Lamb of God,
 On the cross, on the cross,
For us he shed his precious blood,
 On the cross, on the cross.
O, hear his all important cry,
“Eli lama sabachthani,”
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
 On the cross, on the cross.
- 2 Behold ! his arms extended wide,
Behold ! his bleeding hands and side,
The sun witholds its rays of light,
The Heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While Jesus doth with demons fight.
- 3 Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake.
- 4 And now the mighty deed is done,
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
To Heaven he turns his languid eyes,
“'Tis finished ” now, the conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies.
- 5 Where'er I go, I'll tell the story,
 Of the cross, of the cross,
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
 Save the cross, save the cross.
Yea, this my constant theme shall be
Through time, and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me,
 On the cross, on the cross.

6 Let every mourner rise and cling,
 To the cross, to the cross,
Let every Christian come and sing,
 Round the cross, round the cross.
There let the Preacher take his stand,
And with the Bible in his hand,
Declare the triumphs through the land,
 Of the cross, of the cross.

7 Let every waiting Pilgrim run,
 For a crown, for a crown,
The Lord in glory soon will come,
 With a crown, with a crown.
O then the waiting saints shall be
Enrobed in Immortality,
The King in beauty then shall see,
 On his throne, on his throne.

HYMN 17.

1 How precious is the name, brethren sing, brethren
 sing,
How precious is the name, brethren sing,
 How precious is the name,
 Of Christ our Paschal Lamb,
Who bore our sin and shame on the tree, on the tree,
Who bore our sin and shame on the tree.

2 I've given all for Christ, he's my all, he's my all,
I've given all for Christ, he's my all;
 I've given all for Christ,
 And my spirit cannot rest, [there,
Unless he's in my breast reigning there, reigning
Unless he's in my breast reigning there.

- 3 His easy yoke I'll bear, with delight, with delight,
His easy yoke I'll bear, with delight ;
His easy yoke I'll bear,
And his cross I will not fear ;
His name I will declare, evermore, evermore,
His name I will declare, evermore.
- 4 And when my work is done, in this world in this
world,
And when my work is done, in this world,
And when my work is done,
And my Christian course is run,
I'll rise and meet the Son, in the air, in the air.
I'll rise and meet the Son, in the air.

HYMN 18.

- 1 We're going to a blissful home,
Going home, going home,
Where sin and sorrow ne'er can come ;
Going home, going home.
All these in yonder peaceful clime,
Uncompassed by the woes of time,
Our souls shall know the joys sublime,
Of our home, of our home.
- 2 Lonely and sad we pass along,
Going home, going home,
Hoping to join the 'ransom'd throng,
Going home, going home.
Through deserts dark and drear we stray,
And wait with longing hearts the day,
When God shall wipe all tears away,
In our home, in our home.

- 3 Lift up your heads ye weary saints,
 Going home, going home ;
Soon ye shall end your sad complaints,
 In your home, in your home.
Weeping endureth for a night,
But soon the morn of glory's light,
Shall on us pour its radiance bright,
 In our home, in our home.
- 4 Come, sinner, with us journey on,
 To our home, to our home,
Where toils and trials never come,
 To our home, to our home.
We know that Jesus died for thee,
He would thy face in glory see,
And hear your song of victory—
 Sinner come ! sinner come !

HYMN 19.

- 1 We are on our journey home ;—REPEAT.
2 To the New Jerusalem —
3 To meet the Lord in peace ;
4 That Lord will soon appear —
5 With the New Jerusalem ;
6 All Christians will enter in —
7 To walk its golden streets ;

- 8 And see the spotless Lamb —
- 9 The blessed Lamb of God.
- 10 And play on harps of gold
- 11 In praises to his name ;
- 12 And wear their dazzling crowns —
- 13 And have robes clean and white ;
- 14 And eat of the tree of life,
- 15 And drink the crystal stream.
- 16 Now angels are hovering round —
- 17 To bear the saints all home,
- 18 To the New Jerusalem.

HYMN 20.

- 1 We shall see the Saviour coming on the resurrection
morning,
While the saints of God are watching and are waiting
for the Lord : [ing,
Are your lamps well burning, are your lamps well burn-
Are your lamps well burning, and your vessels filled
with oil ?
- 2 We have felt the Advent Glory, while the visions
“seemed to tarry,” [writ.
When we comforted each other with the words of holy
Are your garments pure, [repeat.]
And unspotted from the world ?

- 3 In the midst of opposition, Daniel keeps the same position,
[days—
And is waiting for the promise, at the ending of the
Every one shall have deliverance,
Who are written in the book.
- 4 In the day of earth's dominion, Christ has promised us
a kingdom ; [ed.
'Tis not left to other nations, and will never be destroy-
It shall stand forever,
And the saints possess the land.
- 5 O, saints of God take courage, you will soon be freed
from bondage,
For Jesus leads the army, and he's sure to win the day.
When we've gain'd the victory,
We shall lay the armor down.
- 6 We shall have a shout in glory, when we're telling o'er
the story, [king ;
Now we'll keep ourselves all ready, to hail the coming
Then we'll cross over Jordon,
And never part again.
- 7 When we march into the city, there will be no poor or
needy, [fed.
There will be no one to pity, for they're all clothed and
With the bread of heaven,
And their robes of righteousness.
- 8 There will be the crystal river, and the tree of life for-
ever— [Lamb.
And the children all together praising God and the
Shouting hallelujah,
With a pure celestial band.

HYMN 21.

- 1 Will you go sinner, go to the highlands of Eden,
Where the storms never blow, where a long summer's
given; [ting,
Where the bright purple flowers are their odors emit-
And the leaves in the bowers in the life breeze are flit-
ting?
- 2 Where the rich golden fruit is in bright clusters pending.
And the deep laden boughs of life's tree are bending,
Where life's crystal stream is unceasingly flowing
And the verdure is green and eternally growing?
- 3 Where the saints clothed in white, cleansed in life's
flowing fountain, [tain—
Shining beauteous and bright, shall inhabit the moun-
Where no death nor dismay, neither trouble nor sorrow,
Shall be felt for to-day, nor be feared for to-morrow?
- 4 I've prepared thee a home—sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invite thee to come; come, O come and receive it.
Will you come, sinner? come! for the tide is receding.
And the Saviour will soon and forever cease pleading.

HYMN 22.

- 1 I have sought round the verdant earth for unfading joy;
I have tried every source of mirth—but all, all will cloy.
Lord bestow on me grace to set the spirit free,
Thine the praise shall be—mine, mine the joy.
- 2 I have wander'd in mazes dark of doubt and distress,
I have not had a kindling spark my spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief filled my laboring soul with grief—
What shall give relief—what shall give peace?
- 3 I then turned to thy gospel, Lord, from folly away,
I then trusted thy holy word that taught me to pray:
Here I found relief, weary spirit here found rest—
Hope of endless bliss, eternal day.

- 4 I'm a pilgrim and stranger here in this world of woe,
But my Saviour is always near as onward I go;
Jesus is my friend, he'll be with me to the end,
And from my foes defend, my spirit cheer.
- 5 I have heard my Redeemer say, his promise sure,
He has bid me watch and pray, all hardness endure.
Jesus, be my guide, in thy promise I'll confide;
Keep me near thy side, my Life, my Way.
- 6 I will praise now my heavenly King, I'll praise and adore,
The heart's richest tribute bring, to thee, God of power;
And where nought can cloy, in songs of everlasting joy,
Praise shall our tongues employ, forevermore.
- 7 Hallelujah through heaven shall ring, salvation the
theme,
Glory, honor and praise we'll sing, to God and the Lamb;
Crowns of Glory wear, palms of victory we shall bear,
Shouts of triumphs there, never shall end.

HYMN 23.

- 1 Joyfully, joyfully, onward I roam,
Bound for the land of the bright world to come;
Angelic choristers, welcome me on,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
Soon shall I pass from this dark vale of woe,
Home to the land of the righteous I'll go,
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.
- 2 Friends fondly cherished, now sleep in the ground,
But they'll awake when the last trump shall sound;
Singing to cheer me as upward we soar,
Joyfully meeting our Lord in the air.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear,
Harps of the blessed your voices I'll hear!
Ringing with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

- 3 Death with his weapons of war has laid low,
Many a Pilgrim who feared not the blow;
Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will they come home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, safely at home.

HYMN 24.

- 1 Holy God, and hast thou sent
Me here to preach to-day?
O, baptize my soul with love,
And point me out the way:
When I draw the gospel bow,
Jesus let thy truth apply—
Let thy children feel to-day
That their redemption's nigh.
- 2 Lord, we have assembled here,
To hear what thou wilt say;
From the east and from the west,
From north and south to pray:
If I'm sent to preach thy word,
Holy God, display thy power,
Give us now a pentecost—
A sweet refreshing shower.
- 3 Christians, Lord, are waiting now,
Their prayers ascend thy throne,
For thy Kingdom now to come,
And be this earth thine own:

O for faith to grasp the prize—
O for faith that brings the power—
Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake,
For a refreshing shower.

4 But here's backsliding virgins, Lord,
Who've left the narrow way ;
O, my Lord, must they be lost
And be the devil's prey ?
If there's mercy for their souls,
O, now reach them by thy power,
Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake,
For a refreshing shower.

5 Lord of heaven, thy spirit send
And feed thy lambs to-day—
Help us in thy name to preach,
To hear, to sing and pray ;
O for streams of grace and love,
O for floods of life and power—
Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake,
For a refreshing shower.

6 Lord, on earth we have no home,
We are naught but strangers here—
And strangers here we mean to roam,
Till Christ, our Lord appears.
Then from this earth, by sin defil'd,
Like good Elijah, we'll ascend,
And with Christ, be glorified
In Abraham's promised land.

- 7 By promise, God to Abraham said,
This earth should be his home,
When from the curse, it should be made
Like Eden, in its bloom.
When God to David thus did say,
Upon thy throne my Son shall rule,
My righteous sceptre he shall sway
When crowns and kingdom's fall.

HYMN 25.

- 1 Jesus died on Calvary's mountain,
Long time ago,
And salvation's rolling fountain
Now freely flows!
- 2 Once his voice in tones of pity,
Melted in woe,
And he wept o'er Judah's city,
Long time ago.
- 3 On his head the dews of midnight
Fell, long ago,
Soon a crown of dazzling sunlight
Sits on his brow.
- 4 Jesus died—yet lives forever,
No more to die—
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Now sits on high.

- 5 Now in heaven he's interceding
For dying men,
Soon he'll finish all his pleading,
And come again.
- 6 Budding fig-trees tell that summer
Dawns o'er the land,
Signs portend that Jesus' coming
Is near at hand.
- 7 When he comes a voice from heaven
Shall pierce the tomb,
"Come ye blessed of my Father,
Children come home."

HYMN 26.

- 1 Hail the day so long expected,
Hail the year of full release,
Zion's walls are now erected,
And the watchmen publish peace.
From the distant courts of Zion,
The shrill trumpet loudly roars:

CHORUS.—Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,
Babylon is fallen, to rise no more.

- 2 Hark, and hear the people crying,
See the city disappear;

Trade and traffic all are dying,
Lo ! they sink, to rise no more !
Merchants who have bought her traffic,
Crying from a distant shore :
 Babylon is fallen, &c.

3 All her merchants cry with wonder,
 What is this that comes to pass ?
Murmuring like some distant thunder ;
 Crying, O ! alas ! alas !
Swell the sound, ye kings and nobles,
Priests and people, rich and poor,
 Babylon is fallen, &c.

4 Lo, the captives are returning,
 Up to Zion see them fly :
While the heavenly host rejoicing,
 Shout them welcome through the sky.
See the ancients of the city,
Terrified at the uproar :
 Babylon is fallen, &c.

5 Blow the trumpet in Mount Zion,
 Christ will come the second time,
Ruling with a rod of iron,
 All who now as foes combine.
Babel's garments we've rejected,
And the wedge of golden ore :
 Babylon is fallen, &c.

HYMN 27.

- 1 The pure testimony put forth in the spirit,
Cuts like a sharp two-edged sword,
And hypocrites now are most sorely tormented,
Because they're condemned by the word,
The pure testimony discovers the dross,
While wicked professors make light of the cross,
And Babylon trembles for fear of her loss.
- 2 Is not this the truth, that the church is now gathered,
Into the one spirit of God?
Baptized by one spirit into the one body,
Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood?
They drink in one spirit which makes them all see
They're one in Christ Jesus wherever they be,
The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free.
- 3 Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony,
And let the world hear it again;
O come ye, from Babylon, Egypt and Sodom,
And make your way over the plain;
Come wash all your robes in the blood of the Lamb,
And walk in the spirit through Jesus' name,
In the pure testimony you will overcome.
- 4 The world will not persecute those who're like them,
But hold them the same as their own;
The pure testimony cries out separation,
Which causes false teachers to frown;
Come out from foul spirits and practices too,
The track of the Saviour keep still in your view,
The pure testimony will cut the way through.

5 The great prince of darkness is must'ring his forces,
 To make you his prisoners again.
 By slanders, reproaches and vile persecution,
 That you in his cause may remain;
 Then shun his temptations wherever they lie,
 And fear not his servants whatever they say;
 The pure testimony will give you the day.

6 A battle is coming between the two kingdoms,
 The armies are gathering round;
 The kings of the earth and the Lamb that was slain,
 Will come to close contest ere long;
 Then gird on your armor ye saints of the Lord,
 And he will direct you by his living word,
 The pure testimony will cut like a sword.

SECOND PART.

1 The pure testimony is not to establish
 The selfish inventions of men;
 The systems of parties it never advances,
 Nor seeks worldly honor or gain.
 'Tis moored in the temple in each holy soul,
 And then into words in a torrent doth roll,
 In love to the hearers, including the whole.

2 No systems of doctrines is by it established,
 But those that came down from above,
 True love to the Saviour, and love to our neighbor
 The true testimony approves.
 The pure testimony holds nothing beside,—
 The doctrines of devils and men can't abide
 The pure testimony, which lays them aside.

3 No vain ceremonies in pure testimony,
 It always puts forth its own form;

'Tis no wise dependent on letter instruction,
Nor what worldly wisdom performs.
It holds nothing else, but Christ Jesus for all,
The only foundation, which never can fall,
For Jew and for Gentile, the great and the small.

4 The pure testimony has uniting power
To gather the churches alone,
Without any movements of worldly upbuilding,
The saints are united in one.
It gives all directions what course to pursue,
And teaches each member, what part he must do,
And love knows no party, but those who love too.

5 The pure testimony has no selfish movements,
It stands independent of men ;
It seeks to exalt nothing else but a Saviour,
And bends all its force against sin.
It holds nothing else, a Redeemer for men,
But Jesus within them, to save them from sin,
Commending a present salvation in him.

HYMN 28.

1 I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving the house of prayer ?
I have prized it long as a holy place,
Where my gracious Lord shows his smiling face.
Do you ask me why I linger here ?
Why the place to me is so sweet and dear ?—
Here my soul was saved from the fowler's snare,
And a sacred place is the house of prayer.

- 2 'Tis a place of peace and a place of rest,
And of all the earth this place is the best,
Here we feast on love and abound in joy—
Our hearts beat with hope and our tongues we employ,
In the praise of Him who came to save
From the guilt of sin, and the power of the grave—
His love and truth we here declare,
And we love to pray in the house of prayer.
- 3 Here the meek and lowly in heart agree
To raise the voice while they bend the knee.
And gentle showers of grace distil,
Our hearts to cheer, our souls to fill.
Let the vain and proud this place pass by—
Let them scorn the thought to linger nigh;
But I love it, I love it, and will declare
That there is no place like the house of prayer.
- 4 No place like this beneath the sun,
But there'll be a place in the world to come,
Where the wicked will not trouble the blest,
Where the weary soul will forever rest,
Where the prayer of faith finds its great reward,
And the faithful ones will be with the Lord;
But until my soul shall enter there,
Let me still delight in the house of prayer.

HYMN 29.

- 1 Arise, arise, your King is coming !
Weeping saints, dry up your tears ;
The night's far spent, the day is dawning ;
All things speak his advent near !

Hear the heralds loudly crying,—

Trim your lamps, the Bridegroom's nigh !
Round the globe the truth is flying !

The gladly solemn mighty cry.

2 Put off, put off the world and pleasure !

Gird your loins with faith and prayer !
Beneath thy feet tread earthly treasure ;
Adjust thy robes with gospel care.

On thy God in faith relying,

While the dangers thicken round !

'Long the way, though dark and trying,
Jesus will thy path surround.

3 Away ! away ! the morn is breaking !

Softly, sweetly steals along ;

The orient beams their flight are taking ;

Break forth and sing a grateful song.

Tune your harps and tell the story !

Sing redemption's drawing nigh !

Hail the coming advent glory !

Loud proclaim the advent nigh !

4 Hail ! all hail ! the kingdom's nearing !

Brightly gleams the signals round !

Hasten ! hasten ! thine appearing !

Sway the sceptre, take thy crown !

Bring the ransomed to adore thee !

Bring Creation's Jubilee !

Bring the morn of Zion's glory !

CROWNS OF IMMORTALITY !

HYMN 30.

- 1 Come all ye mourning pilgrims,
Just listen while I sing,
The glories of that kingdom,
And Jesus Christ our King.
Its vast extent is boundless,
'Twill spread from pole to pole,
Where God, his unveil'd glory,
Shall like an ocean roll.

CHORUS.—O wish'd for day,
We'll ever, ever pray
For glory bright and realms of light,
To spend an endless day.

- 2 On Eden's plains, Jerusalem
From heaven shall descend,
And God himself shall dwell with men
In glory ne'er to end.
The King there in his beauty,
Enthroned in glory bright,
The bride, the queen surround him,
In spotless robes of white.
- 3 The people all are righteous,
The heirs of Bulah's land,
The branch of his own planting,
The work of his own hand,

There patriarchs and prophets too,
Apostles, martyrs stand,
And all the blood-besprinkled host,
From every age and land.

4 O'er mountain, hill and valley,
Through fields of living green,
Beside life's crystal river
The spotless bride is seen.
With crowns of dazzling brightness,
They palms of victory bear,
While melting strains of music
Float on the balmy air.

5 The hills break forth in singing,
The trees now clap their hands,
The lovely rose of Sharon
In rich profusion stands.
The palm tree, box and myrtle
Arrayed in beauties rare:
The lily of the valley
Will shed its fragrance there.

6 O would you see this kingdom,
And in its glory share,
None but the pure and holy
Shall ever enter there,
The last trumpet soon will sound
That brings God's saints to see
The land of rest, the land of life
And immortality.

HYMN 31.

- 1 We're looking for a city
When Eden is restored,
A city of foundations
Whose builder is the Lord.
Whose glories are unfading,
Whose beauties are untold,
Whose walls are built of Jasper,
With streets of finest gold.

CHORUS.—Oh ! happy day,
We'll never from thee stray,
O ! glorious sight, 'twill be delight,
Within thy walls to stay.

- 2 The length and breadth are equal,
Twelve thousand furlongs square,
And naught unclean or hateful
Shall ever enter there ;
The kings of earth, their glory
And honors well may bring,
Within thy massy portals,
Great city of our King.

- 3 No need of any Temple,
Or sun or moon to shine,
The Lord thee will enlighten,
His glories are sublime.
The nations of the saved
Shall walk in glory bright,

With Christ the son of David,
Thine everlasting light.

4 The splendid arches glisten,
Within thy sacred dome,
With waters clear as crystal
Proceeding from the Throne.
The tree of life so healing,
On either side the stream,
Whose branches gently waving,
Adds grandeur to the scene.

5 Come all ye thirsty, fainting—
Drink from life's cooling stream,
Which when you once have tasted,
You ne'er will thirst again,
O! be constrained to enter,
Through Christ the living way,
Then you can live forever,
In realms of endless day.

HYMN 32.

1 Within the hallowed forest shade,
I long to sing hosannah!
The temple God's own hand hath made,
Here let us sing hosannah!

CHORUS.—Eternal life, eternal life—
We have it through our Saviour!
Eternal life, eternal life—
Oh, come and live forever!

- 2 To Jesus lift the heart and voice,
That we may sing hosannah!
Redemption's nigh—rejoice! rejoice!
Yes, we will sing hosannah!
- 3 Israel came out at thy command,
Waiting to sing hosannah!
From bondage and from Egypt's land,
And then they sung hosannah!
- 4 We come into the wilderness
To sing and shout hosannah!
Our sacrifice, dear Saviour, bless,
And help us sing hosannah.

HYMN 33:

- 1 Afflictions, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And taught him to repent.
- 2 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
- 3 "Father, I've sinn'd—but O forgive!"
"I've heard enough," he said;
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead."

4 "Now let the fatten'd calf be slain,
And spread the news around ;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."

5 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home ;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

HYMN 34.

1 Lo, down in this beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,
Where loud storms of envy and folly,
May roll on the billows in vain.

CHORUS.

O, there, there the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink this beautiful river,
Which flows peace forever and ever,
Where love and joy does always increase.

2 This low vale is far from contention,
No soul there can harbor dissension,
No dark wiles of evil invention,
Belong in those regions of peace.

3 The low soul, in humble subjection,
Shall there find unshaken protection,
The soft gales of cheering reflection,
The mind soothes in sorrow and pain.

- 4 We'll soon leave this beautiful valley,
For joys far surpassing in glory,
And dwell with the meek, pure and holy,
Where sin, death, and raging storms cease.
- 5 O, there, with the King in his beauty,
We'll drink wine, and eat hidden manna,
And praise God forever in glory,
While love, and joy will always increase.

HYMN 35.

- 1 On time's tempestuous ocean wide,
A gallant ship set sail ;
And out into the raging deep,
She stood before the gale ;
Well fitted to abide the storm,
And angry waters' foam ;
And bring the captives that she bore,
Unto her haven home.
- 2 Long was to be her voyage—the time,
Six thousand years almost—
Ere she would make the highland heights,
Along the heavenly coast ;
Yet with her sails expanded wide,
On, on she swiftly flew ;
Bearing with ardent hope and love,
Her passengers and crew.

- 3 Oft tempests have assailed her round,
And stormy winds rose high;
And dark have been the mountain waves,
That bore her to the sky;
But o'er them all, with steady helm,
She onward pressed her way;
Her compass true unto the pole,
Guides her to endless day.
- 4 Long, long she has been out, and now
She nears her haven home;
A beacon light hangs o'er her bow,
And bids her thither come.
And voices joyful oft are heard,
And music swelling high;
The land! the land! the land ahead!
With rapture now they cry.
- 5 Now soon will she be safely moor'd,
And anchor'd in the bay;
And all her passengers, on shore,
Will keep a festal day;
And long their songs of joy will rise,
Beneath high heaven's dome—
They've pass'd the stormy sea of time—
They've reach'd their haven home.

HYMN 36.

- 1 O how I long to see that day
When the redeem'd shall come
To Zion, clad in white array—
Their blissful happy home :

CHORUS.—O, carry me home, carry me home
To Mount Zion ! [of love,
Then carry me home to that city
Where saints and angels dwell.

- 2 To hear the alleluias roll
From the unnumber'd throng ;
The kingdom spread from pole to pole,
And join redemption's song.
- 3 To see all Israel safe at home,
Singing in Zion's height ;
And Jesus crown'd upon his throne ;
Creation own his right.
- 4 All hail ! The morn of glory's nigh,
The pilgrim longs to see,
That dries the tear from every eye—
Creation's Jubilee !
- 5 Jerusalem I long to see,
Blest City of my King !
And eat the fruit of Life's fair tree,
And hear the blood-wash'd sing !

- 9 My longing heart cries out : O, come !
Creation groans for thee !
The weary pilgrim sighs : O, come !
Bring Immortality !

HYMN 37.

- 1 It is the hour of Time's farewell,
And soon with Jesus we shall dwell ;
The speeding moments hasten on,
And quickly they will all be gone !

CHORUS.

I'm going, I'm going—I'm on my journey home ;
I'm travelling to a city just in sight !
Yes, I'm going, I'm going—I'm on my journey home :
I'm travelling to the New Jerusalem !

- 2 Then will the sleeping martyrs rise,
To meet the Saviour in the skies !
No more will cry, " How long, O Lord !"
But be avenged and have reward.
- 3 Then will the sleeping saints come forth,
Who lie entomb'd in sea and earth ;
And robed in Immortality,
Their Jesus " face to face " will see.
- 4 The living saints—they too will be
Remember'd in the Jubilee ;
Caught up together in the air,
Their Saviour's triumph they will share.

- 5 Haste, then, to make your calling sure—
Oh ! come, salvation now secure ;
Procrastinate—delay no more ;
Probation will be quickly o'er.
- 6 Come all who love and fear the Lord,
Show that you've faith in his blest word ;
If you would crowns of glory wear,
For that great day prepare ! prepare !
- 7 Poor sinners, where, where will you hide ?
How can you floods of fire abide ?
Oh ! if you would salvation share,
For that great day, prepare ! prepare !

HYMN 38.

- 1 I'm marching on to my blest home,
And leave the world behind me ;
On that sweet shore I'll weep no more,
And sorrow never find me.

CHORUS.—The way I go is a narrow way,
It leads to mansions holy,
A shining way, as clear as day,
And leads to endless glory.

- 2 Come brethren dear you need not fear,
The Lord has spoken to you ;
Obey his voice, make him your choice,
And he will never leave you.

- 3 Though trials may your way beset,
Temptation fierce and fiery,
Hold on to God and trust his word,
And you will come off conqueror.
- 4 The vision spake, the world to wake,
Its thunders roll through heaven ;
You heard the cry and did obey,
Your hope was not then given.
- 5 And while he tarried you have watch'd,
And kept your garments girded ;
Now he will come—yes, surely come,
So cheer up, cheer up, brethren.
- 6 Fear not, fear not, ye little flock,
It is your Father's pleasure ;
That he should you the Kingdom give,
And reign with him forever.

HYMN 39.

- 1 Here is a band of brethren dear,
I will be in this band hallelujah,
Their leader tells them not to fear,
I will be in this band, hallelujah ;
I will be in this band, hallelujah ;
I will be in this band, hallelujah.
- 2 They have the blessed truth and light,
The love of Jesus to unite.

- 3 They have the signs by which they tell,
Their King'll soon come on earth to dwell.
- 4 They have a view of the blest prize,
The Kingdom now before them lies.
- 5 They have the Midnight Cry, to wake
The virgins, who have been asleep.
- 6 O shout on, children, shout, you're free,
For Christ has bought your liberty.
- 7 O bless the Lord, we need not fear,
For Daniel says he'll come next year.
- 8 Both prophets and apostles too,
Their writings show this doctrine true.

HYMN 40.

- 1 Sailor, see the morn breaks o'er thee,
All the gloomy shadows flee;
Gilded are the skies with glory,
And the light beams o'er the sea;
Onward while the gale is blowing,
And the breezes fill thy sails,
While the tide is gently flowing,
Keep thy bark before the gale.
- 2 Cheer up, sailor ! light breaks o'er thee,
Thou art near the promised land !
Zion's mount is just before thee,
On its height thou soon shalt stand.

Shortly shall thou cease to wander,
For thy voyage will soon be o'er;
Courage, sailor! onward! yonder
Lies a bright and blissful shore.

- 3 Toss'd on time's tempestuous ocean,
Watchful be and fearless stand,
For beyond this wild commotion,
Rise the heights of Canaan's land.
Sailor, see the land is nearing,
There thy wanderings all are o'er;
Hark! the heavenly hosts are cheering,
See! they throng the coming shore.

HYMN 41.

- 1 The pearl that worldlings covet now,
Is not the pearl for me;
Its beauty fades as quickly too
As sunshine on the sea;
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
It's call'd the pearl of greatest price;
Though few its value see.
O, that's the pearl for me,
O, that's the pearl for me,
O, that's the pearl for me.
- 2 The crown that decks the monarch now,
Is not the crown for me;
It dazzles but a moment too,
Its brightness soon will flee;

But there's a crown prepared above,
For all who walk in humble love,
Forever bright 'twill be.
O, that's the crown for me, &c.

3 The hope that sinners cherish now,
Is not the hope for me ;
Most surely will they perish too,
Unless from sin made free ;
But there's a hope which rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee.
O, that's the hope for me, &c.

4 The road that many travel now,
Is not the road for me ;
It leads to death and sorrow too,
In it I would not be.
But there's a road that leads to God,
'Tis mark'd by Christ's most precious blood,
The way for all is free.
O, that's the road for me, &c.

HYMN 42.

1 Yes, He will come, though Pharasee
And learned Doctors disagree ;
Though many wise and great oppose,
And fearless rally with his foes.

- 2 For it hath ever pleased the Lord,
That such should stumble at his word ;
While babes and humble souls receive
His spirit's teachings, and believe.
- 3 Then fear not, He will surely come,
And take his waiting servants home,
But closer to the scriptures cling,
From which alone true light shall spring.
- 4 The Bible ! now what glories shine
In its unvarnished truths divine !
Though in sackcloth shades concealed,
Its mysteries are at length unsealed.
- 5 But we rejoice with joy untold,
To see its latest signs unfold ;
For now we " know the summer's near,"
And hail the glorious advent here.

HYMN 43.

- 1 Star of hope ! He'll soon appear !
O, shout and sing hosanna !
The last loud trumpet speaks him near !
Hosanna ! Sing hosanna !

CHORUS.—Eternal life ! Eternal life !
We have it through our Saviour !
Eternal life ! Eternal life !
O, come and live forever.

- 2 Hail him all saints from pole to pole,
And raise one loud hosanna !
How welcome to the faithful soul !
How worthy our hosanna !
- 3 From heaven angelic voices sound,
And join the sweet hosanna !
Behold the Lord of glory crown'd !
And earth responds, hosanna !
- 4 The grave yields up its precious trust,
To swell the wide hosanna ;
Awake ! ye slumberers in the dust,
Awake ! and sing hosanna !
- 5 Resplendent forms ascending fair,
Prolong the glad hosanna,
And meet the Saviour in the air—
Hosanna ! Sing hosanna !
- 6 The saints rejoice, they shout, they sing,
With rapture chant hosannas ;
And hail him their triumphant King !
Forever sing hosannas !

HYMN 44.

- 1 List, ye mortals ! hear the sound
That calls you to prepare.
Hear creation groaning round,
In sighs of deep despair !

- See the nations in distress,—
Monarchs look with anxious eye,
Of all their hopes they are bereft,
O, haste! the Judgment's nigh!
- 2 Mark! the signs have all pass'd by
That speak the Conqueror near.
Soon you'll see with your eye
The Lord of lords appear,
In a cloud of glory bright,
Seated on his dazzling throne.
Myriads, clad in spotless white,
Surround the Mighty One.
- 3 Say, poor sinner, can you stand
Before him in that day?
Can you raise your puny hand
Or lift your voice and say
I was not kindly warned by
His faithful watchmen and his word?
Ah, you heeded not their cry,—
God's warning was deferred.
- 4 Then you'll stand back in black despair;
Remorse will shroud your heart;
Sins forgotten will appear,—
And poignant grief impart.
Come, then, lay your scoffing by,
Ere the day of mercy's past,
And you in horror stand and cry—
I'm doomed to DIE at last!

HYMN 45.

- 1 The friends that flee when trials come,
Are not the friends for me,
Like frightened birds, ah ! see how soon
Their place will vacant be.
But there's a friend I dearly love,
Who for me left the realms above,
And died upon the tree—
O, that's the friend for me,
O, that's the friend for me,
O, that's the friend for me.
- 2 This world, with all its fleeting show,
Is not the world for me ;
'Tis mix'd with many tears of woe,
And scenes of misery.
But there' a world so pure and fair,
And all the saints shall enter there,
From sin and sorrow free—
O, that's the world for me, &c.
- 3 A city fair, for saints a home,
From God, is coming down ;
His children rest, no more to roam,
In New Jerusalem.
Oh ! Jesus, come, come quickly, come,
We long to see our heavenly home
Of Immortality—
O, that's the home for me, &c.

HYMN 46.

- 1 I love the holy Son of God,
Who once this vale of sorrow trod,
Who bore my sins a dreadful load,
Up Calvary's gloomy mountain :
There on the cross the Saviour hung,
The sport of many an impious tongue,
While pain extreme his nature wrung,
And flowed life's crimson fountain.
- 2 The sun would not behold the scene,
But round him threw night's sable screen ;
Nature was robed in mourning mein,
And sighed when Jesus suffered.
But ah ! his persecutors stood,
Reviling Christ, the Son of God,
Unmoved to see his gushing blood,
And shocking insults offered.
- 3 O ! why did not his fury burn,
And floods of vengeance on them turn ?
Amazing ! see his bowels yearn
In soft compassion, on them.
No fury kindles in his eyes,
They beam with love—and when he dies,
“ Father, forgive,” the sufferer cries,
“ They know not ”—O forgive them.
- 4 How ardent ought my love to be
To him who'se done so much for me ;

My constant service, faithful, free—
And all my powers employing.
I should my cross with pleasure bear,
And place my all of glorying there,
In his reproach most gladly share,
In tribulation joying.

- 5 And never shall it be concealed,
He hath to me his love revealed,
Of all my sins a pardon sealed—
I feel his blessed favor :
In him I do and will rejoice ;
I'll praise him with a cheerful voice,
Until the theme my tongue employs
In realms of bliss forever.

HYMN 47.

- 1 The glorious day is drawing nigh
When Zion's light shall come ;
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the morning sun,
The north and south their sons resign,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
Adorn'd as bride, Jerusalem
All glorious shall descend.
- 2 The King that bears the golden crown
The azure flaming bow ;
The holy city shall bring down
To bless his saints below.

- When Zion's bleeding, conqu'ring King
Shall sin and death destroy ;
The morning stars together sing,
And Zion shout for joy.
- 3 The holy, bright, triumphant band
Shall tune their harps of gold ;
With palms of vict'ry shall they stand,
Fair Salem to behold,
Descending with such melting strains,
JEHOVAH'S name above ;
Such notes through earth's extensive plains
Were never heard before !
- 4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Ye fiends of darkness, fly ;
Though saints are feeble, weak and poor,
Their great Redeemer's nigh,
He is their shield—their hiding place—
A covert from the wind—
A shady rock of boundless grace,
Throughout this weary land.
- 5 The crystal streams run down from heaven,
They issue from the throne ;
The floods of strife away are driven,
The Church is always one.
That peaceful union she shall know,
And live upon his love ;
And shout and sing of grace below,
As angels do above.

HYMN 48.

- 1 O souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mix'd in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice—
'Tis heaven on earth begun!
Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spoke,
And glow'd with sacred fire,
He stoop'd and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd
And fill'd the enlarg'd desire.

CHORUS.

- "A Saviour!" let creation sing.
"A Saviour!" let the heavens ring.
'Tis God with us—we feel him ours!
His fullness in our souls he pours.
'Tis almost done—'tis almost o'er;
We'll join with him who'se gone before;
We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
Where we shall meet to part no more.*
- 2 We're soldiers, fighting for our God.
Let trembling cowards fly:
We'll stand unshaken, firm and fix'd,
With Christ to live and die.
Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll fight our passage through;
Let foes unite, and friends desert,
We'll seize the crown in view.

- 3 The little cloud increases still ;
The heavens are big with rain ;
We wait to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows :
But pour a mighty flood ;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.
- 4 And when thou makest thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown,
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own—
May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

HYMN 49.

- 1 Saviour, thou wast meek and lowly,
Pure and spotless, without sin ;
Loved and worshipped by the holy,
Hasten thy return again.
- 2 Gentle Shepherd, Israel's Saviour,
Hear thy children's plaintive cry !
Come ! O, come ! and reign forever,
Hush the pilgrim's mournful sigh.

- 3 Come ! O, come ! thou son of Jesse,
Haste ! we long to reach our home ;
On thy promise we are resting—
Come ! O, come ! reign on thy throne !
- 4 Come ! O, come ! thou Judah's Lion,
Now, we haste to strike our harp,
With thee in our blissful Zion,
Never, never more to part.

HYMN 50.

- 1 Awake ! arise ! his chariot wheels
The faithful watchmen hear ;
King Jesus comes, the signs reveal,
His coming glory near.
Rise ! trim your lamps ! go forth to meet !
For, hark ! his chariot rolls,
Gird up your loins ! go forth and greet
The Bridegroom of your souls.

CHORUS.

Hosannah ! be his name adored,
Forever faithful to his word,
In glory comes to place his bride,
In regal grandeur by his side ;
Ye weeping saints break forth and sing
The coming glories of your king,
In rapturous strains make heaven ring.

- 2 We watch, obedient to his word,
Let foolish virgins sleep ;
We daily in our God rejoice,
And nightly vigils keep ;
We trim our lamps with fresh supplies
Of sanctifying grace ;
We watch, we pray, we pant, we rise,
To stand before his face.

HYMN 51.

- 1 There we shall reign with Jesus,
On that delightful shore ;
And shout with the redeemed,
Our trials being o'er ;
The wicked cease from troubling,
The weary are at rest ;
Then, we shall reign with Jesus
Eternal ages blest.
- 2 We shall be like the angels,
In that IMMORTAL throng ;
And shouting his salvation,
Shall be our lasting song,
They sing creating goodness,
And we redeeming love ;
And this, shall be our business
While endless ages move.

- 3 This love, so freely flowing—
It animates the heart,
This love, is still abounding
In every place and part;
Unites us all together,
And makes us of one soul;
It is the balm of Gilead,—
It makes the wounded whole.
- 4 This love through endless ages,
It ever is the same;
'Tis this our heart engages
To love and serve the Lamb.
This love can ne'er be bounded,
Though faith and hope should cease;
This love can ne'er be ended,
But ever will increase.
- 5 Come on my loving brethren,
The land is just before;
The Harvest-field is ripening,
The conflict almost o'er;
O let us all be humble,
Be watching unto prayer;—
Without a wedding garment,
You'll never enter there.
- 6*

HYMN 52.

- 1 Come all ye Christian pilgrims,
 Who're bound to Canaan's land ;
 Take courage and fight manfully,
 Stand fast with sword in hand ;
 Our Captain's gone before us ;
 The Father's only Son ;
 Then pilgrims dear, pray do not fear,
 But let us travel on.
- 2 We have a howling wilderness,
 Beset with hail and snow ;
 A land of drought and gloominess,
 Where chilly winds do blow.
 But Jesus will go with us,
 And guide us on the way ;
 If enemies examine us,
 He'll teach us what to say.
- 3 " Good morning," said the enemy,
 " Pray tell to me your name ;
 " And whither are you going to,—
 " Likewise from whence you came ?"
 " My name it is bold pilgrim,
 " To Canaan I am bound ;
 " I'm from the howling wilderness !
 " From that enchanted ground !"

- 4 “ Pray, what is that upon your head ;
 “ That shines so clear and bright ?
 “ What do I see upon your breast ;
 “ That dazzles in my sight ?
 “ What kind of shoes are those you wear,
 “ On which you boldly stand ?
 “ Likewise that shining instrument,
 “ You hold in your right hand ? ”
- 5 “ ’Tis glorious Hope upon my head,
 “ And on my breast my Shield ;
 “ With sword in hand, I mean to fight !
 “ Until I take the field !
 “ My feet are shod with Gospel Grace ;
 “ On which I boldly stand ;
 “ My Leader’s strong,—we’ll win the day,
 “ And gain the Promised Land.”
- 6 “ You’d better change your course, I think,
 “ And give your journey o’er ;
 “ Your Captain now is out of sight,
 “ His face you’ll see no more ;
 “ I am a Prince ! my fame is great !
 “ THIS LAND, belongs to ME !
 “ As for your arms, and dress and prize ;
 “ I’ll give them all to thee.”
- 7 “ No! never!” said the pilgrim bold,
 “ Your offers I disdain !

“ Eternal Life, with all its joys,
“ I shortly shall obtain,
“ If I but hold out faithful to
“ My Captain’s just commands,
“ I surely shall be HEIR with him,
“ To BEULAH’S peaceful land.”

HYMN 53.

1 Though troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends all shall fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us whatever betide,
The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or store-house are fed,
From them let us learn to trust in our Head;
His saints what is fitting shall ne’er be deny’d,
So long as it’s written the Lord will provide.

3 We all may like ships by tempests be tost,
On perilous deeps, but shall not be lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages the Lord will provide.

4 His call we’ll obey like Abraham of old,
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers we have a sure
guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up the path,
And fills us with fears, we’ll triumph by faith;

He cannot take from us, though oft he has try'd,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will
provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions our graces have
try'd, [vide.
This answers all questions, the Lord will pro-

7 No strength of our own or goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' own name ;
In this our strong Tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8 When time sinks away and the land heaves
in view,
The word of his grace shall guide us safe thro' ;
Nor fearing, nor doubting, with Christ on our
side, [vide.
We then shall rise shouting the Lord will pro-

HYMN 54.

1 There's a world of peace and pleasure,
Faith can discern,
Where lies my dearest treasure,—
There's where my heart doth turn,
Here o'er this ruin'd, dark creation,
Sadly I roam ;

Still longing for the great salvation,
And for my own bless'd home.

CHORUS.—All the world is dark and dreary,
Every where I roam ; [weary,
O, pilgrims, how my heart grows
Far from my own bless'd home.

2 There are those mansions full of glory,
By Christ prepared,
Where we'll recount the wondrous story,
Why joys divine are shared.
Then all the sons of God united,
Joyful will sing ;
O what a shout from souls delighted,
All heav'n and earth will ring !

3 Still best of all to see my Saviour,
There on the throne,
Smiles shouting forth his love and favor,
And meeting all his own.
When shall we hear that voice inviting,
“Ye blessed come ?”
When shall we joyful there uniting,
Praise God that we're at home ?

HYMN 55.

- 1 The Midnight Cry in mercy sounds,
The faithful watchman lifts his voice ;
Its thrilling tones re-echo round,
To bid the saints rejoice.
Then virgins rise, break forth and sing
The glorious Advent of your King !
The Midnight Cry in mercy sounds,
Go forth to meet your Lord !
- 2 Blow ! Watchman—blow a certain sound !
For dark and dangerous is the night,
And daring scoffers thicken round—
The evil servants smite ;
The faithful ones who watch-care keep,
With lamps well trimm'd—nor can they sleep.
The Midnight Cry in mercy sounds,
Go forth to meet your Lord !
- 3 Tho' midnight hour, God's word sheds light ;
Its brilliant rays dispel the gloom ;
The pilgrim's pathway now grows bright—
The King is coming soon.
Then tune your harps once more and sing
Your sweetest strains to Zion's King.
The Midnight Cry in mercy sounds,
Go forth to meet your Lord !
- 4 Behold ! he comes—the mighty one—
Ye virgins, rise ! go forth and meet !

Dry up your tears ! the Bridegroom comes,
His weeping bride to greet.
The trumpet sounds—the day has broke—
The living changed—the dead awoke,
To blend their songs in gushing strains.
All hail ! Messiah reigns !

HYMN 56.

- 1 As near to Calvary I pass,
Methinks I see a bloody cross,
Where a poor victim hangs ;
His flesh with rugged irons tore,
His limbs all dressed in purple gore,
Gasping in dying pangs.
- 2 Surpris'd the spectacle to see,
I ask'd who can this victim be
In such exquisite pain ?
Why thus consign'd to woes ? I cried,
“ 'Tis I,” the bleeding Lamb replied,
“ To save a world from sin.”
- 3 Jesus for rebel mortals dies !
How can it be ? my soul replies,
What ! Jesus die for me ?
“ Yes,” saith the suffering son of God,
“ I give my life, I spill my blood,
For thee, poor wretch, for thee.”

- 4 Lord, since thy life thou'st freely given,
That I may live and not be driven
To darkness and to death—
Now at thy feet, dear Lord, I'll fall,
Give thee my heart, my life, my all,
To share thy reign on earth.

HYMN 57.

- 1 Hear the glorious proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Hear the glorious proclamation
Of the Saviour's coming near.

CHORUS.—While the choir of angels,
While the choir of angels,
While the choir of angels,
Shall be chanting through the air.

- 2 Hark! the tidings onward rolling,
Jesus comes the world controlling!
Hark! the tidings onward rolling,
Jesus comes on earth to reign.
- 3 See the "sign" in heaven appearing,
And the blazing chariot nearing,
See the "sign" in heaven appearing,
And the Saviour coming there.
- 4 See the earth in terror shaking,
And the dead to life awaking,
See the earth in terror shaking,
And the sleeping saints arise.

- 5 Now on wings of light ascending,
With a shining host attending ;
Now on wings of light ascending,
See them mount up to the skies.
- 6 See the banner waves in glory,
While ten thousand tell the story,
See the banner waves in glory,
And all the saints are there.
- 7 They are saved from death forever,
Praise to him who did deliver.
They are saved from death forever,
Having Immortality.

HYMN 58.

- 1 Let party names no more,
The christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell !
Be banish'd far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.

- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN 59.

- 1 Christian ! Christian !
Christian, thy labor's soon o'er,
 Thy term of probation's soon run,
Thy steps are now bound for Emanuel's shore,
 And soon will thy rest be begun.

- 2 Christian ! Christian !
Christian, look not on the strife,
 Or the pleasures of earth with regret,
Nor pause on the threshold of eternal life,
 To mourn for the day that is set.

- 3 Christian ! Christian !
Christian, no fetters will bind,
 No wicked have power to molest ;
There the weary like thee—there the mourn-
 ers shall find
A Heaven, a home of sweet rest !

HYMN 60.

- 1 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Come and obey his sacred word ;
 He died, and rose again for you ;
 What more could the Redeemer do ?

- 2 All ye that love Immanuel's name,
And long to feel th' increasing flame,
'Tis you, ye children of the light,
The Spirit and the Bride invite.
- 3 Immers'd by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his wat'ry grave;
Heaven own'd the deed, approv'd the way
And bless'd the place where Jesus lay.
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
Now on the water's brink we stand,
Ready to walk into the wave,
A lively emblem of the grave.
- 5 Let neither shame, nor fear, nor pride,
Divert our steady feet aside;
'Tis by appointment; in thy name,
We venture down into the stream.
- 6 Lord of the universe! look down
And make thy great salvation known;
Teach these thy children to obey,
And follow "Jesus in the way."

HYMN 61.

- 1 Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

- 2 Let not my heart despond and say,
How shall I stand the trying day ?
He has engaged, by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Should persecution, rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 When called to bear thy weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain or loss,
Or deep distress or poverty,—
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When the white throne appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy foes subdue ;
He comes to set his people free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

HYMN 62.

- 1 Hear, O sinner!—mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls ;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls ;
Hear, O sinner!—
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.
- 2 See the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread ;

Hark ! the awful thunders rolling
Loud, and louder o'er your head ;—
Turn O sinner !—
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.

- 3 Haste ! O sinner ! to the Saviour,
Seek his mercy while you may ;
Soon the day of grace is over ;
Soon your life will pass away !
Haste, O sinner !—
You must perish—if you stay.

HYMN 63.

- 1 Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace :
Rise from transitory things,
Toward thy destined place :
Sun and moon, and stars decay,
The Lord will soon this earth renew,
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared for you.
- 2 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
While I that coast explore :
Flatt'ring world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims, fix not here your home,
Strangers tarry but a night :
When the last great morn shall come,
We'll rise to joyful light !

- 3 Come my brethren, face the storm,
Press onward to the prize :
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season and you know,
Happy entrance will be given ;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth renew'd and heaven.

HYMN 64.

- 1 The great tremendous day's approaching,
That awful scene is drawing nigh ;
Was long foretold by ancient prophets,
Decreed from all eternity.
But O my soul reflect and wonder !
That awful scene is drawing near,
When you shall see that great transaction,
When Christ in judgment shall appear.
- 2 See nature stand all in amazement,
To hear the last loud trumpet sound ;
Arise ye dead and come to judgment,
Ye nations of the world around !
Loud thunders rumbling thro' the concave,
~~Right forked lightnings part the skies ;~~
The heavens are shaking, the earth is quak-
ing,
The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.

3 Green turf-y grave-yards and tombs of marble,

Give up their dead both small and great ;
See the whole world both saints and sinners,
Are coming to the judgment-seat.

See Jesus on the throne of justice,

Comes thund'ring down the parted skies,
With countless armies of shining angels,
With hallelujahs shout for joy.

4 Bright shining streams from his awful presence,

His face ten thousand suns outshine ;
Behold him coming in power and glory,
To meet him all his saints combine.

Go forth ye heralds with speed like lightning,
Call in my saints from distant lands,
Those that my blood from sin has ransom'd,
Whose names in life's fair book do stand.

5 O come ye blessed of my Father,

The purchase of my dying love ;
Receive the crowns of life and glory,
Which are laid up for you above.

For you, my saints, which have continued
With me, and my temptations bore,
I have provided for you a kingdom,
To reign with me forever more.

- 6 There's flowing fountains of living water ;
No sickness, pain, nor death to fear ;
No sorrows, sighing, no tears nor weeping
Shall ever have admittance there.
But how will sinners stand and tremble,
When justice calls them to the bar !
Those that reject his offer'd mercy,
Their everlasting doom to hear.

HYMN 65.

- 1 Thy word is a lamp to my feet,
A glorious light to my path ;
It furnishes spiritual meat,
And saves me from error and wrath.
- 2 It shows me the object of hope,
The heavens and earth all renew'd ;
My pilgrimage never shall stop
Till I reach that blessed abode.
- 3 It's a chart in life's stormy way,
Presenting the seasons and times
Regarding that glorious day ;
It also presents me the signs.
- 4 It's a deed of the saint's blessed lot,
Vouchsafed in the kingdom to come :
Whether skeptics believe it or not,
God's people will soon be at home.

- 5 It's a LAMP, a LIGHT, and a CHART,
And a DEED of my heavenly home ;
It proves, to the joy of my heart,
My Saviour's just ready to come.

HYMN 66.

- 1 I ask'd the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace ;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek, more earnestly, his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer ;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hoped that in some favor'd hour
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining pow'r
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- 5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe ;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schemed ;
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

- 6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried;
 "Wilt thou pursue thy viceroy to death?"
 "'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
 "I answer prayer for grace and faith:
- 7 "These inward trials I employ,
 "From self and pride to set thee free,
 "And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 "That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

HYMN 67.

- 1 A soldier, Lord, thou hast me made,
 Thou art my Captain, King and Head;
 And under thee I still will fight,
 The fight of faith with all my might.
 The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
 The ensign of our conquering Lord;
 The Christian Soldier's standard is,
 And I will fight for King Jesus.
- 2 O make me, Lord, what I should be,
 To boldly face the enemy;
 That when alarm'd to call the Lord,
 And pass the word to all the guard,
 Grant me the weapons of thy word,
 The spirit's pow'ful two-edg'd sword,
 To slay my foes where'er they be,
 And own the victory won by thee.

- 3 Thou art my Lord, keep me I pray,
That I may run the heav'nly way;
Nor from my duty e'er depart,
But live to Christ with all my heart.
Help me to walk in humbleness,
March in the way of holiness,
O make me pure and spotless too,
And fit to stand the grand review.
- 4 That when our General shall come,
With sound of trumpet, not of drum,
'Tis then our well dress'd ranks shall stand,
In full review at God's right hand;
And when our foes shall get the rout,
And Jesus wheels them left about;
Then we'll march up the heav'nly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.
- 5 The war is o'er and we are free
To join the blood-wash'd company;
Our wages shall be eternal life,
We'll be the bride—the Saviour's wife;
There we shall drink full draughts of wine,
The band of music we shall join;
And hallelujah's highest key,
Shall be our theme eternally.

HYMN 68.

- 1 The old Israelites knew what it was they must do,
If fair Canaan they would possess,
They must still keep in sight of the pillar of light,
Which led on to the promised rest.
- 2 The camps on the road, could not be their abode,
But as oft as the trumpet should blow,
They all glad of a chance, of a further advance,
Must then take up their baggage and go.
- 3 Now the cross bearing throng, are advancing along,
And a closer communion doth flow,
Now all who would stand on the promised land,
Let them leave all their baggage and go.
- 4 What though some in the rear preach up terror and
fear,
And complain of the trials they meet ;
Though the giants before with great fury do roar,
I am resolved I will never retreat.
- 5 We are little, 'tis true, and our numbers are few,
And the sons of old Anak are tall ;
But while I see a track I will never give back,
But go on at the risk of my all.
- 6 Now the morning doth dawn for the camps to
move on,
And the priests with the trumpets do blow,
As the priests give the sound and the trumpets re-
sound,
All my soul is exulting to go.
- 7 On Jordan's near side I can never abide,
For no place of refuge I see,
Till I come to the spot, and inherit the lot,
Which the Lord will then give unto me.

- 8 Now 'tis unto the pure and the meek,
 So an end to all discord and strife;
 Since I have fix'd mine eyes on the heavenly prize,
 I will gaze at the risk of my life.
- 6 If I am faithful unto me and my journey pursue,
 Till I stand on the heavenly shore,
 I shall joyfully say what a blessing to me,
 Was the wearying cross which I bore.

HYMN 69.

- 1 What think ye of Christ? is the test,
 To try each your state and your scheme;
 How can you be right in the rest,
 Unless you look rightly of him.
 As Jesus appears in your view,
 As he is believed or not,
 So God is disposed to you,
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.
- 2 Some take him a creature to be,
 A man or an angel at most;
 Sure they have not feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost;
 So guilty, so helpless am I,
 I could not partle in his word,
 Nor on his promise rely,
 Unless I would call him my Lord.
- 3 Some style him the pearl of great price,
 And say he's the fountain of joys;

Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys ;
Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
And while they salute him, betray ;
Ah ! what will profession like this,
Avail in that terrible day ?

4 If asked what of Jesus I think,
Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor ;
I say he's my meat and my drink,
My life and God's son, and my store ;
My shepherd my husband, my friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall ;
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

HYMN 70.

1 As I lay musing on my bed,
I thought of my Redeemer ;
My heart did sing, to Christ my King,
Who did my soul deliver.

CHORUS.

We're all united, heart and hand,
All in one band completely :
We're marching to Immanuel's land,
Where the waters flow most sweetly.

- 2 The mountains melt, the skies dissolve,
While sinners stand and tremble ;
The saints rejoice, to hear God's voice,
While Jesus bids them welcome.
- 3 As they march'd on they beheld a crown,
That was by Jesus purchased ;
The sacred fire still rises higher,
While Jesus gives them conquest.
- 4 The trumpets sound, the armies shout,
The hosts of hell are driven ;
Fight on, fight on, ye conq'ring souls,
The prize will soon be given.
- 5 When on the flowery plains we meet,
And range the fields of glory,
We'll shout and sing, to Christ our King,
And cast our crowns before him.

HYMN 71.

- I The son of man they did betray,
He was condemn'd and led away,
Think, O my soul, on that dread day,
Look on mount Calvary.
Behold him lamb-like led along,
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accused by each lying tongue,
And then the Lamb of God they hung
Upon the shameful tree.

2 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood ;
From every wound a stream of blood,
Came flowing down amain.
His bitter groans all nature shook,
The earth to its firm centre rock'd,
The sleeping saints their graves forsook,
While spiteful Jews around him mock'd
And laughed at his pain.

3 Now hung between the earth and skies,
Behold ! in agonies he dies ;
O sinners hear his mournful cries,
Come see his tort'ring pain.
The morning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd, and refused to view the sight ;
The azure cloth'd in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd and stood affright,
When Christ the Lord was slain.

4 Hark ! men and angels, hear the Son,
He cries for help, but O there's none,
He treads the wine press all alone,
His garments stained with blood,
In lamentations hear him cry ;
" Eloi, lama sabaethani !"
Tho' death may close his languid eyes,
He'll soon arise and mount the skies,
The conq'ring Son of God.

- 5 'Tis done ! the dreadful debt is paid,
The great atonement now is made :
Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,
For you he spilt his blood.
For you his tender soul did move,
That you the length and breadth might prove,
And height and depth of perfect love,
In Christ your smiling God.

HYMN 72.

- 1 O careless sinners come,
Pray now attend ;
This world is not your home,
It soon will end.
Jehovah calls aloud,
Forsake the thoughtless crowd,
Pursue the road to God,
And happy be.
- 2 Nor do I call alone,
The Saviour too,
E'en with his dying groans,
Cries bid adieu
To all your lovers now,
And to his sceptre bow,
And he will tell you how,
To live anew.

- 3 I bid you all farewell,
With aching heart,
And in deep sorrow tell,
That we must part,
To meet the Lord we go,
And you are bound to woe,
Alas it must be so
If you rebel.
- 4 I look on you again,
And hoping say,
Why wont you leave your sin
And come away
From Satan's cruel power,
And live forevermore,
And bless the joyful hour
That life began.
- 5 All hail! we welcome then
Your happy flight
From Kedar's tents of sin,
To glory bright;
We'll travel on with you,
And bid this world adieu,
And endless joys pursue,
Till all is ours.
- 6 There we will range around
The blissful plains,
Where pleasure has no bounds,
And glory reigns;

We 'll fall at Jesus' feet
Where joys are all complete,
And blissful raptures meet,
Forevermore.

HYMN 73.

- 1 Lonely and weary, by sorrows oppress'd,
Onward we hasten with longings for rest,
Bidding adieu to the world and its pride,
Longing to dwell by Immanuel's side.
But 'mid our pilgrimage, lo ! on our eyes
Visions of beauty and glory arise—
Visions of crowns which we hope soon to wear,
Visions of heaven—O ! we long to be there.
- 2 There is the city, in splendor sublime,
O, how its turrets and battlements shine !
Pearls are its portals, surpassingly bright,
Jasper its walls, and the lamb is the light.
Pathways of gold that blest city adorn,
Glitt'ring with glory far brighter than morn ;
Angels stand beck'ning us onward, to share
Glory unfading—we long to be there.
- 3 Rivers are gliding 'mid unfading trees :
Songs of the bless'd are borne on the breeze ;
Glory-gilt mountains, resplendent, are seen,
Valleys and hills, clad in Eden-like green.
There shall the glory of God ever be,
Filling the earth as the waves fill the sea ;
There shall the ransomed, immortal and fair,
Evermore dwell—O ! we long to be there.

- 4 There is the home of the pure and the blest,
There shall the weary be ever at rest ;
There shall life's trials and sorrows be o'er,
There shall the gather'd ones part nevermore ;
There shall the blest be from death ever free,
There their Redeemer in glory they 'll see ;
Crowns of bright glory forever they 'll wear ;
O, to be with them !—we long to be there.

HYMN 74.

- 1 The judgment day is rolling on,
The glass of life will soon be run,
Creation with her fiery doom,
The Lord will soon appear !
O there 'll be glory, glory, glory,
When saints shall view him near.
- 2 Now hark ! the trumpet rends the skies !
See slumbering millions wake and rise !
What joy, what terror and surprise !
The last great day has come !
O there 'll be glory, &c.,
Around the judgment throne.
- 3 See nations throng his awful bar,
Both saints and sinners from afar,
All tribes and kindreds now appear,
And wait to hear their doom !
O there 'll be glory, &c.,
When Christ the Lord shall come.

- 4 Jehovah now the book unseals !
 The clearest light each heart reveals !
 The pointed truth each conscience feels !
 The amazing throng divide !
 O there 'll be mourning, &c.,
 When justice shall decide.
- 5 See parents and their children part !
 See husbands and their wives must part !
 See brothers and their sisters part !
 To meet again no more.
 O there 'll be mourning, &c.,
 The day of mercy's o'er.

HYMN 75.

- 1 I'm sighing for home where the King in his glory—
 Shall banish all sorrow and scatter all gloom :
 I sigh for the land where the youth and the hoary—
 Shall dwell in bright Eden forever at home.
 Sweet home, sweet home,
 Shall dwell in bright Eden forever at home.
- 2 I'm sighing for home where the songs of the ransomed,
 Shall echo their strains throughout heavens high dome ;
 I sigh for the day when all hearts shall be gladdened,
 The pilgrims' sweet rest and the saints' happy home.
 Sweet home, sweet home, [home.
 The pilgrims' sweet rest and the saints' happy

- 3 I'm sighing for home where joy's bright gushing
 fountain [come;
 Pours forth its glad waters where grief cannot
 I sigh for Christ's coming when valley and moun-
 tain—
 Become the bright plains of my glorious home.
 Sweet home, sweet home,
 Become the bright plains of my glorious home.
- 4 I'm sighing for home where no ties shall be broken,
 Where death cannot enter and cause us to mourn;
 I sigh for the rest of which prophets have spoken,
 The blest restitution—I long to go home.
 Sweet home, sweet home,
 The blest restitution,—I long to go home.

HYMN 76.

- 1 We're toiling here by sin opprest,
 By earth unpitied and unblest,
 'Mid grief, 'mid sorrow, care and pain,
 We strive a glorious rest to gain,
 Where scorching heat and wintery blast,
 With sickness pain and death are past,
 Where saints by woes no more opprest,
 Shall see the Saviour's glorious rest.
 O that glorious rest.
- 2 War-worn and weary now, we long
 To join the ransomed victor's song;
 As pilgrims here no more to roam,
 But dwell with Christ, our Lord at home.
 With all the blood be-sprinkled band,
 On Zion's heights we long to stand,
 Our wearied feet that mount would press,
 And there in glory ever rest.
 O that glorious rest.

- 3 While here in time's dark night we stay,
We'll ever wait the approaching day ;
We'll wait the shining of that morn :
We'll hail its herald-star, new-born.
Soon, soon shall darkness take its flight,
And Christ shall fill the world with light,
Then saints shall be supremely blest,
For they shall share the glorious rest,
O that glorious rest.

HYMN 77.

- 1 There is a rest that still remains,
In world to come, on Eden's plains,
For all the truly faithful,
But yet such rest is only gained,
Through Him who hath for us obtained,
Release from hearts so sinful.
- 2 Yes, by and by, a day will come.
In which a nation will be born,
A day, a day of glory.
A day in which the tombs will ope,
And let the righteous sleeper up,
To find a home in glory.
- 3 And when I think of that blest morn,
When we shall all be upward borne,
To meet the Lord in glory,
My pulse beats quick, and heart dilates
With longing eye to those bright gates,
Which open up to glory.

- 4 O rapturous thought ! O what a thrill !
It passes through my inmost soul,
 To think of home in glory.
To think of meeting there dear friends,
Where rest in glory never ends,
 And never ends the story.
- 5 'Tis there I ever long to greet,
The ransomed host so pure and sweet,
 In the bright land of glory ;
Where we shall never, never part,
But ever mingle heart with heart ;
 O glory ! glory ! glory !

HYMN 78.

- 1 The people called Christians how many things they
 tell,
About the land of Canaan where th' saints with
 Christ's to dwell,
But sin that dreadful ocean encloses them around,
With its tides still divides them from Canaan's
 happy ground.
- 2 Thousands have been impatient to find a passage
 through,
And with united wisdom have tried what they
 could do ;
But vessels built by human skill have never sailed
 far,
Till we've found them aground on some dreadful
 sandy bar.

- 3 The everlasting gospel has launch'd the deep at
last,
Behold her sails extended around the towering
masts;
Along the deck in order the joyful sailors stand,
Crying ho ! here we go ! to Immanuel's happy
land.
- 4 To those who stand spectators what anguish must
ensue,
To see their old companions bid them a last adieu,
The pleasures of your paradise no longer can in-
vite,
Here we sail you may rail, but we'll soon be out
of sight.
- 5 We are now on the wide ocean, we bid this world
farewell,
And where we shall cast anchor, the scriptures
show full well,
About our future destiny there need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide with our captain and his
mate.
- 6 The passengers united in order, peace and love,
The wind's all in our favor, how sweetly we do
move,
Let tempests now assail us and raging billows roar,
We shall sweep through the deep till we reach
that happy shore.
- 7 This peaceful port we'll enter though towering bil-
lows roar, [adore,
And join with saints and angels our Saviour to
The Captain of salvation will bring us safe to land,
In the gospel ship, O glory ! to join the heavenly
band.

HYMN 79.

- 1 Earth is groaning, Earth is groaning,
For her Lord and King is longing, longing, long-
ing, longing,
Earth is groaning, Lord deliverance bring,
Remove the curse, in triumph reign.
How long wilt thou remain away ?
How long wilt thou remain away ?
Why doth thy ling'ring chariot stay,
How long wilt thou remain away ?
Come, come,
To Israel bring the promis'd day.
- 2 Jesus is coming, Jesus is coming,
Lo the day star bright, is rising, rising, rising,
rising !
Jesus is coming with the blazing crowns
For those who walk with him in white.
Oh there is glory, glory now,
Oh there is glory, glory now,
For lo ! the heavens seem to bow ;
Oh there is glory, glory now.
Lo, lo,
The shaking heavens begin to bow !
- 3 Oh the glory, Oh the glory,
Of the King of armies coming, coming, coming,
coming,
Oh the glory of the King of kings
In triumph coming down to reign.
Seraphic legions marshalled now,
Seraphic legions marshalled now,
Behold the shaking heavens bow,
Seraphic legions marshalled now.
Lo, lo,
The brilliant glory of his train !

4 Hear the voices ! hear the voices !

That proclaim the Saviour coming, coming coming,
ing, coming,

Hear the voices,—sweet angelic strains,

In Heaven th' echo loud resounds ;

Angelic harpings now in heaven,

Angelic harpings now in heaven,

In sweeping melody are driven.

Angelic harpings now in heaven,

Sound, sound,

“Behold the King of glory comes !

5 Heaven rejoices—Heaven rejoices,

For the King of kings is coming, coming, coming,
ing, coming,

Heaven rejoices, for the King of kings

In radiant glory comes to reign !

Oh Earth be glad, rejoice and sing ?

Oh Earth be glad, rejoice and sing !

He comes to reign, thy rightful King !

Oh Earth be glad, rejoice and sing !

Shout, shout,

Glad tidings all the angels bring !

HYMN 80.

1 O ! solemn, dreadful, glorious news, !

The “ Gentile times ” about to close !

And Zion's King appear !

Ah ! then what fearfulness shall seize

Those virgins who have lived at ease,

Nor thought the Bridegroom near.

- 2 Awake ! arise ! ye sleepers all,
'Tis mercy's latest gracious call,
Sinners, why will ye die ?
And ye who have a name to live,
But daily do the Spirit grieve,
For pardon quickly fly.





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